Rota 2.4.43

is not a personal insult that I won't want myself
& try myself talking to her. Noel Coward
Low — what dusty rowds these women get!
On the whole — here comes a chopping
block as a compliment, to make
ready — I prefer Ethel with all her NYPL
faults. Yes. really: I think you wrote 4 of
Coward, 6 of Coldar, & 10 of Lady Diana.
No, I hope: you have a th rakhum to her blue
eyes & pink bows — to me a little frosty, like the
icing on a wedding cake. There used to be one
in the hall at Bargard. For the first time
almost in my life I am inwardly, without
exaggeration, appalled by the German — Can
get over it. How can you or anyone explain
the last week end! Then Laca! Hitler! Think
of that hung before us as the ideal of human
life! Sometimes I feel that we are all
penned up in the stalls at a bull fight —
I go out into the Strand & read the placards.
Boers having Nobody caring. Well, as Jan
would say, Barta Let me know what
happens about the money

V.

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621. July 5. 1934

My Lucy Sheat.

Well yr are without Gaskin this
most cruel, pressured,
Cantankerous, Gadjing, Grabbing
Cat or Cassowary I've ever met.
Shaw Desmond to lunch - why not
Desmond to lunch? I've met
Desmond once in 6 months - a
& about to be present in a
crowd of 10 people: - I've
known him 30 years: - by
Jesus Christ, I won't have my
meetings & partings attended &
dictated by a hair or handsaw
by a woman who has
spent all her days lunching
& dining with Pauncefoot Cooper -
Barry Lorat - &
a Lilla Set, if you like. Thank
Cornelia. O damn
you madam.

29 July 1934

The next one I sent to
V. W decipher 2 words.

Monks House. 1 January

You would at longer intervals & more frequent
letters from me, if it weren't for the Christian
religion. Now that bell tolling at the end
of the garden, dum dum, dum dum, away we!
Why is Christianity so insistent & so sad?
What's you see, why I don't write page after page:
because I lay it down to go, this bell ringing
religion: & myth merely; We can't have the
Cake & eat it too: We go for here on
Thursday, all Friday was spent at Worthing;
today, like a butterfly alone way
has been crinkled up to a frazzle, (American)
I began to shake them out, & the plane
through the air. I'm not used to
many hours for how many months
Sometimes I think heaven must be one

unexhausted

Continuous unexhausted reading. It's a disembodied
trance-like intense rapture that used to wipe me as
a girl, & comes back now & again down here, with
a violence that lays me low. (Do I say)
was Hyères? How then can I be low? Because,
my dear Ethel, the state preceding
this. Ecstasy Consists in the complete elimination
of the Ego; all the ego that erects itself
like another part of the body (don't
dare to name. Go I will, I suppose, I must
I know, Jet Maurice "Dulwich Lady;" but oh
dear me, I don't want to. I even can submit
myself his delivery had fingers (as a writer I
mean) with any sorte. He; two white NYPL
waistcoated, urbane, & in the old Edwardian
style for my rough palate. Want for a
drink or a bar or any kind of acceleration
or attraction, apron than Non entry my dear
infrequently met but always welcome
Demand mutuality. No, they're both
what the fashion writers call 'immaculate'
But I'll trounce you, in deference to Jo.
But then, since the heart has got into Jo's

Rita 2.4.63

Ivan, about Maurice, I dont think you a rap
fonder of those Groves, those Scented Garden
paths, down which he has been leading some noble
Cremoline. I am scurrying, hurrying
to write this letter, & cover this virgin page,
before L. who is reading a vast history of all
histories — the very book Mr Casaubon
tried to write in Middlemarch — finally
shuts the page, & says Bed. whereupon
Pinka jumps down from her Chair, & we do
in procession thro the Garden to my room:
where I lie, & look thro the apple leaves,
at the clouds that hide the stars.
I hear from here by the way that Jus
some sudden inscrutable reason, Baylis is
doing Fête Galante. Galant old
bus bore (this refers to Baylis. not Jacynth)
This a fine figure of a woman — Yes,
but I forget where this was leading me.
Let me see. I wrote 2 hours this morning,

walked by the river I saw a porpoise; then up
on the downs by a solitary farm with a
fierce chained dog, & so home. & read
Simon of Athin. Flaubert; & a modern novel
Now here is Leonard & I must
hastily close; but then a gallant
effort – only 6 inches left to fill,
the whole letter. bristles & cogent
political argument. love, divinity,
literary criticism – with some
domestic comment thrown in, has
wasted precisely 10 minutes of my
valuable day. Can you write
as fast as this? Oh how I
love the religious. I was reading the life of a
18th Century Parson Venn. "Mercifully"
he says "she swallowed a pin;
which led her to thoughts of death; & instead of
burning her way at Assembly, routs, card
parties, she became a shining light". Mercifully
she swallowed a pin! How can you
belong to such a Canting creed?
V.

Rota 2.4.63
NYPL

* Brash =
babies diarrhoea.

Rhodmell Wednesday 8th Aug
1934

Ask Lady B. if it doesn't.

No no, my dear Ethel, you can't possibly get a cross
I mean get away with that book as Maurice. No
comparison with Mérimée — Oh my God that such a
wasserkin should have looked in your otherwise
generally clear, keen, sagacious head. Whatever
Stuart love set up — whatever dust — what in short, is
Ureah blankly, a vacuum. Carmen! Oh dear!
Dulwich! Oh my God! Why Carmen, which I
read 2 weeks ago by chance, is like an oak tree;
this a lime of chewed string. Every word in
Carmen has the thickness of a finger: this is
this * as a hair or pen thaven bullocky makes
wobble. Here the shade is ink black; here
this as weak tea. Here the sun is blue;
here a watered wisp. It's a conquering tick of a
book. "Behold — my hat! Look well —
now there's a rabbit. Now — still keep your
eye on me — behold it gone" That ach this —
a book workment work; veracity, shade of sun.
a parasol of a hole — an entity which

Rota 2.4.63

wantbout. And that for ay ole beagle, with your
unforruffable Buluh reme, that for showed
fem to water & prané this trash — wch, I cant
finch this sentence to my liking (hang only 5
minutes this time) so must throw it at your
unrepentant, uncastrated head, & there leave it
ay come, to ole very pretty & all thur.

Then art Xtianly. & Egotism. How for
Celi-jovan Calithellas, (Egotism from Lucretius)
make my forge rie! 'Tis thatris Shel &
Elizabeth, having tared our roach, I purged our
Guernsey, faintly, vaguely perceive in for,
Virginer. Egris a praa — ar are they only Pots in ho
Jan; I do for say, fazing at me high four
Sanctimonious Mysfaces. Making a corner in
Vitue; revenge strup in full boxes. Why, I'm
Ten Egotism in my whole body, Shel, than some one
who likes her music to be played, in her bath
Woollen Jeger. Woollen with Egotism, that's
What for are. Jout d'je call it? Ask for
Doctor next time to purge for of Egotism. Lord!
How I detest these savers up of merit. these Gorged
Calithellas; my Dew has more whyton in one toe nail —
more human tow. no time for more.
in one hair ✓ alas & alas V.

1. FLURRY
2. QUOTATION
3. GROSSNESS.

Monkstown
15th Aug. 34

I hope that's clear — that's what comes of writing 5 minute letters. And this must be perhaps a 2½ minute letter, as I must go & fetch the Gammon from the public house.

Religion

Of course I agree in rating Courage — or Co-ordination among the prime human virtues.

But what warrant have you for assuming that they are more commonly found among those who believe in God than in those who don't? Mine, I should say. At least that's not my experience. That's what makes me speak of your "sanctimonious Pro-Slaves" assuming that you have the virtue, by reason of your God.

Vitex.

Now there you rather stamp on my corns.

what right have you to accuse her, as I think you do,
of lack of intensity, weakness &c &c? Of
Course you may have personal reasons for feeling less
kindly disposed towards her. But I feel
that you ought not to say the other thing
as positively as you do without giving
proof. Why my words in that, I added "
The stock 2/6 is my certain knowledge."
Then matter of fact, Vita was here last week,
& as far as I can judge, she is not capable of
dealing (metaphor. fr. ill-bred) one $\frac{1}{2}$d.
The facts, from memory, in letter from
C. which made me take the other
fr. way view — what a d-d ass, & a
braying hysterical ass at that. C— is.
But I don't, on the strength of that letter,
inform C is friends that C is lacking in
virtue however truth. No. no no.)
Then you're entirely wrong about Vita.
Ca for Dulwich, and the dénouement — I mean the
chaplin about the journalist publishing her life — & ask
yourself if anything as much halfbaked mercenary falsity
could be used in that place save in a
tenth rate book. Duncan is
with me. V.

Rota 2.4.63

Monks House

Friday 24 Aug. 1934

No we were up in London all day yesterday - had only just got back when you telephoned.

Can you come tomorrow, which is Saturday, at 5?

I'm afraid we shant be alone - there's a young man, Plomer, who writes novels & has rescued Dulwich, & a girl who want to write novels - But they'll play bowls, - we can sit in the garden & talk, while pretending to watch. This is the best day, so do come then if you can.

No, I can't understand, seriously, your feeling about Dulwich. It would likened it to some thing say by Edmund Gosse or Andrew Lang. I would have been

delighted to praise it – for a[illegible] it has
it merits – on those terms. But to
drag in Stendhal & Carmen! Dear me,
how we differ.
But that is no news. And I'll forgive
you for having made me order
Victoria the Widow, because I am
a 2 stories, though there again —
Dear me, how can you walk out
your big jaws over that
entirely false & Jacobean
twittering performance.
Romances we will
fight

V.

Young Flower & Lyn Irvine
will be elated to see you
& hear you, even in the
distance.

NYPL

Rec'd 2.4.63